



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

FOR PAULIE.

A fancy of summers far away,
Of a June that shall never be;
With skies all azure, and sweet south winds,
And our fairy ship at sea.

When the clouds were low, and the twilight hung
O'er the chill November day,
From the weary land, o'er a summer sea,
We launched our dream away.

Drifting away o'er the rocking swell
To the rosy sunset land,
The fiery rampart and purple hill
That rise on the golden strand.

With a breath of Music to fill the sails,
And a wild waltz-measure borne
In passionate sighs o'er the lonely sea,
With the voice of harp and horn.

So we dream of it, you and I,
With a tenderness all in vain;
So sweet a fancy, I hold it still,
And I dream it o'er again.

Viol and flute, and choral song,
And the sea's low undertone—
The charmed bark, with its golden prow
Drifting away alone!

The hearts we yearn for, through nights and days,
With a passion all divine—
A charm has drawn them, to throb with ours,
Away on the desert brine.

Fancies, and faces, and dreams that came,
And left us a smile or sigh,
We find them again, on the silent sea,
In the June that shall never die.

A world of gladness, and love, and rest—
Moonlight and wave and wind;
Floating away with no shade to haunt
From the world we leave behind,

Jewels of sunlight to flash in spray,
Clouds all amber and gold—
The eyes that we look for and never find,
The hands that we never hold.

Oh voyage too fair for the stormy sea
Where your ship and mine must go!
I fancy the passion and feel the peace
As I watch the drifting snow.

A strange sweet fortune, all told in vain,
Of a June that shall never be—
The faces we dream of, the hearts we love,
And our fairy ship at sea!

—BY E. MINETTE.

ROSSINI IN SLIPPERS.

BY ALBERT VIZENTINI.

Translated from "L'Art Musical," by MARGARET CECILIA CLEVELAND.

Rossini at home resembles a lion in his old age! However gilded may be the cage in which he has voluntarily imprisoned himself, whatever is his apparent effeminacy, his absolute dumbness, only speak one word recalling the past, his youth,

when he appeared an Atlas, and you will see him rear up his head and shake his vast mane. Years alone have given him a velvet paw; weariness of men and the world has made him feline; but at the slightest sign, the least souvenir of the past, the powerful claw will reappear. His eye will kindle with the sparkling fire of former days, and he will prepare to bound as in the days of the combat. What has not been said of him? What remains to be written of this astonishing man, who is one of the greatest glories of this century? Worthy son of Mozart, whom he loves and reveres above all others, Rossini is passing the second part of his life in enjoying the triumphs won during the first. Deified before his hour, he does not pose himself until he has made sure of the pedestal, and the eternal verdure of his imagination proves that he belongs to that small number of superior beings sent sometimes by Heaven upon earth, to teach to mortals the way of the beautiful. To depict Rossini is not an easy matter. Diplomat to his finger tips—the malicious old man can be at the bottom, nervous, excessively impressionable: thanks to his extraordinary power of will, to his stereotyped smile, he is impassable externally; he is an impenetrable wall, and if he does not often say what he thinks, he always thinks what he says. His reputation offers three points which are equally false: he is called indolent—he who in nineteen years wrote forty-four operas! He is called a gourmand—he is an epicure, who has the most refined taste and who breakfasts regularly upon slices of bread soaked in *café au lait*. They pretend that he does not love music, he who would have invented it, had it not already existed.

From the age of twenty to thirty, Rossini was witty, lively, thoughtless, mocking himself . . . and others. Now he is caustic, cutting and essentially keen, possessing that Italian *finesse* which would conceal a poignard, it necessary, under the flowers of a madrigal. Of an encouraging appearance, extending as far as complacency, gracious and paternal when he wishes to be, gifted with a marvellous address, he has profoundness and logic to an astonishing degree; with his eagle glance he sees surely, marks by a word and does not risk himself before having calculated the perils of his route. Nothing can embarrass him, he replies to all, even though he be minister, philosopher, mathematician, pork-butcher, or pope, with equal superiority.

His pose is natural to him, his good nature is that of a cunning peasant, having seen too much, heard too much not to be mistrustful, he handles praise with the dexterity of a Robert Houdin; compliments are his common coin, in short, his epigrams are so fine that they are taken for eulogies, and his eulogies so great that they are taken for epigrams.

When in 1820 Rossini vowed to write no more—(impious vow kept until 1857), he was attacked by a fever of repose, followed by a nervous malady which put his life in danger. The great care taken of him by the excellent Madame Rossini, and his sojourn at Paris entirely restored his precious health, upon the supreme condition of retiring early and ceasing to attend the theatres, which agitated him too much; this is the reason that he accepts neither dinners, soirees, or visits.

As he loves a mild and pleasant life as much as he execrates solitude, he receives often, and with apparent happiness. Conversation is necessary to him, for he follows attentively all the movements of the artistic world, and progresses with progress. Beside his Saturdays, which have become famous, he gives two annual fêtes and excellent dinners, which he loves to adorn with contemporaneous celebrities, making himself so insignificant that his guests appear to greater advantage. This is the last musical salon, the last hospitable mansion where one finds little but the patriotism of the stomach. A very early riser, Rossini receives first the thousand visitors, who are every day recommended to him. After being shaved, (an operation to him of the greatest importance), he walks in summer in the Bois de Boulogne, in winter in the Palais Royal, like a simple mortal, happy to warm himself in the sun. The rest of the day is consecrated to work; in the evening he chats until nine or ten o'clock, and then sleeps the sleep of the just. Taking snuff like an old Canoness, he only allows himself a small cigar after dinner and on fête-days! We know that he only travels by post, holding railroads in horror. The only time that he consented to get into a car was to go from Brussels to Antwerp to admire Reuben's paintings: for eight days afterwards he trembled nervously. Age has not taken from him all his physical pretensions; he is always gallant with the ladies, and embraces them willingly. When they announce to him a visitor of the weaker sex, he hastens to change his wig, and put on the one the best curled.

Wigs play a great rôle in his existence, he has them in every style and for all circumstances, in life, adjusting them upon one side, according as he wishes to give himself a swaggering or conquering air.

His apartments in Paris, situated on the first floor of the house on the corner of the Boulevard and the Chaussée d'Antin, is a museum of relics, curiosities, objects of art, and costly pictures. Here remark principally, in the Grand Salon, a beautiful portrait of Rossini in his youth, two paintings representing Moses and Othello; a charming little statuette placed between the two windows; on the table of the little Salon Bleu, the works of Gustavé Doré (friend and frequenter of the house); in the dining room are high side tables covered with Venetian glass and superb china ware, a picture of fish, in relief (nets filled with fish) which is really wonderful; polished *armoires* of violet ebony, etc. Here the gentlemen sit Saturdays, for the Salon is reserved exclusively for the ladies; the dining room then presents a collection of ribbons and *brochettes*. Alone in his little corner an old man is remarked, in the midst of all the white cravats, by his great colored vest, his old pantaloons, and his unfashionable frock coat; but look at him well? The beauty of his Olympian brow, the malice which sparkles in his witty eyes, the firmness of his features, the contour of which has been rounded by years, the refinement of his distinguished smile will make you recognize a powerful individuality, and you will prostrate yourself before Gioacchino Rossini. If the weather is not too warm, the *maestro* remains in his bed-chamber, the table of which presents a curious amalgama-